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THE HAWK'S NEST.

(Sierras.)

BY BRET HARTE.

We checked our pace—the red road sharply rounding;
We heard the troubled flow
Of the dark olive depths of pines, resounding
A thousand feet below;

Above the tumult of the canyon, lifted,
The grey hawk breathless hung,
Or on the hill a winged shadow drifted
Where furze and thorn-bush clung;

Or where, half-way, the mountain side was furrowed
With many a seam and scar,
Or some abandoned tunnel dimly burrowed—
A mole hill seen so far;

We looked in silence down across the distant
Unfathomable reach,
A silence broken by the guide's consistent
And realistic speech:

"Walker of Murphy's blew a hole through Peters
For telling him he lied,
Then up and dusted out of South Hornitos
Across the long Divide.

"We ran him out of Strong's and up through Eden,
And 'cross the ford below,
And up this mountain (Peter's brother leadin'),
And me and Clark and Joe.

"He fou't us game; somehow, I disremember
Jest how the thing kem round;
Some say 'twas wadding, some a scattered ember
From fires on the ground.

"But in one minute all the hill below him
Was just one sheet of flame;
Guardin' the crest, Sam Clark and I called to him,
And—well, the dog was game.

"He made no sign—the fires of hell were round him,
The pit of hell below.
We sat and waited, but we never found him,
And then we turned to go.

"And then—you see that rock that's grown so bristly
With chapparel and tan—
Suthin' crep out—it might hev been a grizzly,
It might hev been a man,—

"Suthin' that howled and gnashed its teeth and shouted
In smoke and dust and flame;
Suthin' that sprang into the depths about it,
Grizzly or man—but game!

"Thet's all. Well, yes, it does look rather risky,
And kinder makes one queer
And dizzy looking down. A drop of whiskey
Ain't a bad thing right here!"

MASTER AND PUPIL.

I. HIRAM POWERS.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

On a bright October morning, in Florence, three ladies might have been seen to charter a hackney carriage, and instruct the driver that they wished to visit the studio of "*Il Signore Powers, Americano.*"

"*Lo scultore Paours, si, Signore!*" answers the old man, wisely, and away they go, along the Arno's pleasant side, and have just reached the Bridge of Four Statues, when he turns upon his box, and pointing, with impressive finger, toward the retreating form of a gentleman in careless garments of gray, with flowing locks of the same color, and carrying a walking stick that palpitates with great activity, says, "*Ecce il scultore!*" Eager eyes follow the unimpressive figure, and expectant hearts sink to the zero-point, for the studio, minus its presiding genius, were as the game of hide-and-seek, which mathematicians call an "equation," deprived of its chief personage, better known as "X." "Drive us to the Convent of San Marco, instead," is the new word of command; "Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolommeo can console us in our disappointment."

"But why not go on to the '*Villa Paours*?' mildly urges the patriarchal Jehu, not forgetful—so, at least, let us uncharitably suppose—that carriage-hire augments beyond the city gates, and adds, as a conclusive argument, "the sculptor's son lives next door to his father,—he's a photographer!"

"A fig for his son—we will see Hiram Powers or nobody."

"*Va bene,*" and the new direction is obediently taken, but with an air that says, plainly enough,

"Perhaps these ladies know what they want, but may apoplexy carry me off if I believe anybody else will ever find out."

In a few minutes he brought up, suddenly,

against the side-walk, and shouting once more "Behold the sculptor!" stopped his carriage full in the face of Mr. Powers, who paused, lifted his hat, looked at the bewildered trio in bland inquiry, and awaited further developments.

The situation was embarrassing; retreat was impossible, a brave dash only could save the day.

It was promptly made, and with brilliant success.

A moment later he had accepted a seat beside his blushing countrywomen, with the words,

"How nice this is! I have taken a long walk, and am weary, when lo! three good fairies benevolently pick me up, and promise to give me their gracious company even to my own door."

Soon comes the question, so widely recognized as "*en regle*" on similar occasions:

"Have you been long at Florence?"

"Only ten days."

"Only ten! Why to many an American tourist that is a small lifetime. I have known persons to come here for a week, then go their restless way in full persuasion that they were authority on Florence for the remainder of their lives,—thinking that they knew a city whose every stone has matter in it for a year of study, and whose manifold aspects might nobly employ the energies of a long and gifted life. But our countrymen come abroad, flit about a few months, go home, and write a book, its size being usually in inverse ratio to the length and value of their investigations. Perhaps you have heard this anecdote about the Pope: When he receives foreign visitors he often asks how long a time they have spent in the Eternal City. The answer not unfrequently is, 'a week.' He asks again, 'When do you leave?' 'Tomorrow.'"

"Ah, you, of course, know Rome," is his closing observation.

"But if the traveler has remained six months, the sly old gentleman responds, 'Indeed, you will soon be well acquainted with our Capital,' and if he has spent years, the Holy Father looks at him benignly, saying, 'Very well, you have learned that you will never know Rome.'"

The ride is charming, after the city gates are passed. The broad street bears the name of Machiavelli, whose home was here, and is lined with residences elegant and tasteful—many of them belonging to successful artists. The "*Villa Powers*," with its extensive grounds, and the large

ling near it, affords abundant proof that he has been mindful of its owner, as well as of the public. He called attention to his blossoming with ingenuous delight, and pointed out his work, and a spring which half-

Tuscans were transforming into a with the remark: "It is but a few months since it came out from the city and established its permanent home, and I take great delight in attending the small improvements that you

studio is large, as it needs be, to contain the ideas of thirty affluent years. Here, all here, in plaster or in marble, the presences which have come across seas to pleasure in our homes; all, from the Eve, who has borne her gentle master's love, to "Loulie's Hand,"—that of a favorite child—framed in the fanciful corolla of a vine upon the tempted Eve, the vine-wreathed Asopine, the Fisher-Boy Charmed by the Song, American critics exhausted their eyes so long ago as when the "world's New York," revealed them to cosmopolites, *Putnam's Magazine* of that remote period faced engravings from them beneath the eyes of a provincial public. The "Faith, Hope, and Charity," a work of art, look down serenely from their pedestal, the hand that chiselled them removes the veils. A charming "Clytie," a transformation to a flower is ingeniously in the corolla that crowns her tresses by her *coiffure*, and a "Ginevra" in unique possession from Mr. Powers a characteristic

see we sculptors must learn a great variety of things. We must be jewellers, milliners, makers, and even boot and wig makers, to suit the fancies of our statuesque families." Some-thing said in allusion to the graceful invention of his draperies, about the advantages that arise from making artists and sculptors the fashion; in which event, persecuted and kind would gain their long-delayed release from bonnets, dropsical *chignons*, and an bends."

always contend that if there is anything in the changing styles, it is by the purest of the fashion-conjuring fraternity," my laughing; "and shall not, on my part, suggestions at Paris for my marble daughters, the whole range of classic art, and all the sons of schooled imagination, are exhausted. Not the ladies profitably emulate my example matter?"

Powers and her daughters, Longfellow's features, and the genial countenance of the flowers, are the chief adornments of a room filled to portrait busts, where Mr. Powers was modelling in clay the features of a prominent man, and in plaster a beautiful ideal form—a work of extreme difficulty, which few, and in which none can succeed without experience and untiring patience.

ing not infrequent attempts to realize the finest conception of which the mind is capable—that of Our Saviour's face—the Christ in Powers deserves high rank. It is as superior to that of Michael Angelo in the *Santa Maria Sopra Minerva* at Rome,

as the nineteenth is better than the fifteenth century, and need not shrink even before the radiant fame of Thorwaldsen's, at Copenhagen. Among his later, it is evidently one of the sculptor's favorite works. Looking at it, he said, musingly:

"I tried to represent our Saviour in His two-fold character, as a Being no less great than good. In the celebrated pictures of European galleries he is almost always beautiful, but, I have thought, not often impressive by the manifestation of mind. And yet, you know, 'He spake as never man spake.' He laid down principles to govern human life that have been the marvel of all succeeding ages, for they were the loftiest and purest ever breathed from human lips. You doubtless remember the ancient and precious document that Napoleon carried from Rome, as was his custom when he found a good thing anywhere, but which has been since restored, like many other of his great and petty larcenies. It purports to be a letter from Publius Lentulus to the Emperor Tiberius, and contains a minute description of the features of our Lord. It was in my mind constantly while modelling this bust. Let me recall it: 'Conscript Fathers! There has a man appeared here, who is still living, named Jesus Christ, whose power is wonderful. He has the title given to him of the Great Prophet; his disciples call him the Son of God. There is an air of serenity in his countenance, which attracts at once the love and reverence of those who see him. His hair is of the color of new wine; from the roots to his ears, and from thence to the shoulders, it is curled, and falls down the lowest part of them. Upon the forehead it parts in two. His forehead is fair, his face without any defect, and his air majestic and agreeable. His beard is thick and forked, his eyes gray and extremely lively. There is something wonderfully charming in his face. He talks little, but with great gravity.'

"But you must see my 'Paradise Lost,' the youngest of my children," and he led the way to a small circular apartment, where a marvelous divinity presides, one which, to all the others he has evoked from marble, bears the relation of Juno to the lesser lights of Mount Olympus.

It is Eve, the beautiful, mythical mother of our race, fallen, but not lost; cast down, but not destroyed. Though a queen in chains, she is still every inch royal; though conscious of a bitter present, in contrast with a sweet and sunny past, and though the future rises before her like a mist-filled valley, she is strong in the sober second thought of a courageous soul. If less winning, in the maturity and depth of character which grief alone confers, than in the radiant childhood of her life, she is more beautiful by reason of her loftier intelligence, her new-found strength, born out of weakness. Upon those noble features sits a repose that was not stamped by fate, counterfeited by pride, nor frozen there by chill indifference. It is rather the seal of a heroic resolution sprung from tenderest regrets, nourished by a triumphant faith, and fixed upon a pitying Creator. From its ineffable presence the serpent recoils, spite of his recent victory.

"Thus early did the proof begin of what our Gospel teaches: 'Resist the devil and he will flee from you,'" is the sculptor's only comment upon a statue which needs none to any eye sincere and teachable.

"I have never before seen anything in marble that said so much to me. I would ask no higher pleasure than to look at Eve all day long," exclaimed a young girl of the party, with whom "Art was a feeling," and whose naïve judgment was not, perhaps, less valuable because divested of the critic's "regulation costume."

Pointing to an old man in paper cap and sculptor's jacket, whose mild and thoughtful face attracted the departing visitors, Mr. Powers said:

"That man has been here chiselling marble for me more years than any one of you remember. Our lives have passed most pleasantly together, I assure you."

How pure, how fair, and how enduring is the record of those mingled lives!

"Are you never coming home?" was the regretful question, upon taking leave.

"O, yes, I hope so, certainly, and should have gone long since but for protracted illness in my family, and engagements in my art that have given me no leisure in all these years. But I shall surely return, for I love my native land with unchanged ardor, notwithstanding my long absence, and, do you know, I expect to live to be as old as Methusaleh, and to work cheerfully on to my last hour."

He gathered jasmine blossoms for his visitors, and offered them his kindly hand at parting, while they turned away, saying to one another that the flowers, by their color and fragrance, were fit symbols of his genial, spotless fame, whom America honors as one of her most gifted sons.

II. PIERCE FRANCIS CONNELLY,

As he writes himself on the neat marble slab set in the wall beside the door of his elegant studio, is a young American, and was a pupil of Hiram Powers until he set up for himself at numbers 10 and 12, *Via Nazionale*.

There was matter for reflection in the contrast he afforded to his grand old master, seen but an hour before. The one was simple as a child; the other, that most whimsical of compounds, a sculptor fop; one was clad in the careless, homely garments beloved of genius; the other in the latest and most faultless costume of the period; one reached forth in greeting and adieu a hand not free from the reproach of clay-stains; the other sent to the outer court one of his numerous assistants to tell his visitors that they might enter, and saluted them with a bow more stately than polite. One talked of the meaning his works had for himself, in the quiet, suggestive way that set the unprofessional visitor at ease and made the visit memorable; the other, who was modelling somebody's features from a photograph before him, proceeded in this strain: "You see, ladies, what a difficult thing I am doing, though you cannot, of course, possess the technical knowledge fully to appreciate such an undertaking as to model from a mere photograph. But I believe myself capable of a prodigy even greater than this. I believe I could execute a faithful portrait-bust of one whom I had never seen and of whom his friends could impart to me no clearer idea than through the medium of words. I could so place myself *en rapport* with them as they talked; could so re-create in my own imagination the image retained upon their memories, that I could transfer this to the clay and afterward to marble.

I would first work it out roughly, then shew it to them, saying, 'Now, wherein is this like, and wherein unlike, your friend?' Then I would make them point out certain of his features in others, the curve of a nostril, the angle of the forehead, and thus I would work patiently on to a successful issue. Is it not wonderful?"

A reply was modestly given to the effect that it was wonderful, really! The young man turned to a row of well-stocked shelves, with the explanation:

"You have before you here casts of my earlier works. Notice this bust of my father—my very first. Powers said, when it was shown to him, that a young fellow who could execute a bust like that, must on no account be lost to art."

("But even Powers couldn't prevent his being lost to common sense," sagely whispered the girl critic of the trio.)

"Notice, also, that small bracket in plaster," continued the sculptor, "it is very elaborate, carved with symbolic heads. There is an astonishing amount of skill and labor compressed into it, but for me it was a mere *bagatelle*. I know all about art."

This last may be considered a remarkable utterance, in its way. Perhaps from Appelles down to this same Pierce Francis, so much was never before said by sculptor or by artist. It is separated from Michael Angelo's "*ancora imparo*" by the whole diapason of character.

"I have executed numerous busts for Americans and English persons of distinction," he continues, rattling off the names of duke, marquis, and rich republican, as he points out their rather unattractive marble immortalities; "but here is my great work," and an impressive wave of the hand assembles his listeners, long since "completely dumb-founded," at the proper point of view.

"You must have heard of this great national subject; at least twenty of the leading journals in the United States contained accounts of it. You see before you what was never attempted in marble until now. I call this group Death and Honor, and it refers to the triumph of the latter in the late war in America. I have introduced Death seated on his charger, carrying the appropriate symbols, and surrounded by three figures representing Courage, Perseverance and Strength, each of whom Death overcomes, but is himself vanquished by Honor, to whom, though Death may slay the living, the slain belong. The conception is entirely original, and the combination of so many figures—one of them being equestrian—in a single group, with such perfect unity of composition, is something, as I have remarked already, that I have been the first among all sculptors to attempt."

Shades of Polycletus and Agasander, of Donatello and Thorwaldsen, molest him not. Rather, translate into your beatific language the phrase our "Country Parson" coins "concerning veal," and, pondering its meanings, ye shall find place for hope touching even this young man.

"Of course some of our wealthy countrymen have sought the proprietorship of this *chef d'œuvre*?" was somebody's humble suggestion at this point.

"It would be a very costly work to put into marble as you seem to understand," replies the

sculptor, "and no definite arrangement has as yet been made, but such a creation as *that*"—with one of these inimitable flourishes—"will not be long permitted to retain its present perishable form."

The exit door stands near.

"In the next room, ladies, you will find many of my choicest works, to the pedestals of which I have attached full explanations, with the appropriate quotations. Be so good as to examine for yourselves, and to excuse me from looking farther at my own works this morning,"—a twirl of the handsome moustache, another flourish of the small, white hand, and the "interview" is over.

There is so much of beauty in the creations that adorn this outer court; the display of originality is combined with so much of conscientious labor, and the play of an ethereal fancy is guided by taste so delicate that, in spite of the bewildering vanity, whose display they have just witnessed, our visitors are charmed. "'Tis p'ty of him," so they all agree, for his own sake, his art's, his country's, and leave his studio with reflections, which, if somewhat astonished, are not at all unkind, on the failure of the past to teach the talented young pupil what the future will, perhaps,—even the noblest lesson of his master's character,—simplicity, humility.

WHAT AMERICAN WOMEN ARE DOING IN SCULPTURE.

With Remarks on the Government's Patronage of Art.

SECOND PAPER.

BY J. JACKSON JARVIS.

In recapitulating the efforts of our American women in Europe in sculpture, I would gladly include something from the studio of Miss Foley, or of Miss Edmonia Lewis, the only representative of the recently emancipated race, which Miss Anne Whitney so fittingly symbolizes in her Africa, described in the preceding article, if I had seen anything of theirs sufficiently characteristic as to warrant placing them in the list of well established sculptors. The bust of Longfellow, by the latter lady only serves to confirm the opinion already expressed, of the general inaptitude of women to succeed in this branch of art; a fact, to which, the, in some respects, striking bust of Abraham Lincoln, by Mrs. Joseph Ames, of Boston, cannot be made an exception. And the mention of this bust leads me to refer to another attempt by a young lady, whose name has been much canvassed even in congress, in regard to her claims as an artist to re-martyr our late president, under the sanction of the national government. Abraham Lincoln, as an object for sculpture, at the best, is an uncommonly difficult problem to solve, so as while preserving his marked physical traits, without exaggerating them, to interpenetrate the reluctant material with the noble spirit of patriotism and genuine love of his race that inspired alike his private and public acts.

No sooner had he fallen by the assassin's bullet than art rightly laid claim to the noble man, as her own, to reverently honor and to consecrate forever in adamant effigies and stupendous monuments a memory which shared with Washington's, the love of mankind everywhere. Unfortunately the national zeal to honor the patriot was in excess of the public knowledge of the requirements and limitations of

art, so that it has proved to be no easy task to accomplish the end in view worthily for Abraham Lincoln and the people whom he so truly served. Of the extraordinary designs of costly monuments to which the death of Lincoln has given an occasion to be adroitly engineered into acceptance by amiable committees, I need say nothing here. For better or worse, they are in process of completion all over the country, making our ignorance of æsthetic laws conspicuous to all coming time, although efficiently serving their main purpose of commemorating Abraham Lincoln. But this laudable purpose has been made the occasion of introducing into the American school of sculpture a system of obtaining commissions at the expense of the public, irrespective of any proved qualifications in the applicant, which may be called by itself the button-hole art. Its whole merit consists in separately button-holing senators, or those whose votes and influence are necessary to obtain a contract or appropriation for the coveted artistic job, and by plausible words and flattering devices, obtaining a promise of support, sometimes given as a concession to the kindly weakness or indifference of the giver himself, and not unseldom to be rid of a too pertinacious applicant; each legislator or committee-man, touched in his self-esteem by being led to believe that it depends wholly on his vote whether the suitor is to depart in a smiling hope that knows no limits to its gratitude, or in an equally profound despair.

This is no fancy sketch. I have had a relation of the process, far more complete than this, from a very distinguished victim of one of these artfully and successfully spun webs to catch ten thousand or twenty thousand dollars of the money of the people, in return for what, as with the common run of sovereigns, it will require no inconsiderable "grace of God" to esteem the genuine thing bargained for.

Art itself, all true artists and all who love art, should set their faces sternly against "button-hole art" in the outset, as a wanton beguiler from whom nothing true and beautiful can come. Any art-lobbying in the halls of legislature must be stopped at once, if art itself is to be preserved. Ungallant as it may seem to sympathetic legislators who have been over-persuaded or hood-winked by the fascinations of youthful beauty or melted by feminine arts of pleading, they have no more right to pay for their enjoyment of these psychological luxuries with the money of over-taxed citizens, than to put their hand into the public treasury for the means of any other of their personal pleasures. If they can be cajoled into the belief that a fascinating young miss or a woman of maturer charms can make a better statue of a public man than can be done by any of our experienced sculptors of the country, by all means let them try the experiment, but at their own expense, with their own persons as models, on their own responsibility. A vote of congress for a work of art is in a large measure a guarantee of its excellence. You, my reader, and I, the captious critic, if you will, are virtually made to sanction it. However monstrous or absurd, it must remain always part and parcel of our history and the reflection of our culture. A practical check on this abuse of legislative functions, would be to establish at Washington and in all our capitals, an efficient direction or committee of fine-